UNCLE HAPPY
SAN DIEGO...
OH, BROTHER...!
FORGET IT, CHUCK
NAME'S MODESTY BLAISE, OUT FROM ENGLAND ON A SOLO VACATION, AND SHE'S KEEPING IT SOLO— RIGOROUS TESTS HAVE BEEN MADE
SOLO? WITH THAT SHAPE, IT'S AN UN-AMERICAN ACTIVITY...
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
A BAY NORTH OF SAN DIEGO...
WHAT'S THE TARGET TODAY, MISS BLAISE?
OH, I DON'T KNOW, HARRY... I HAVEN'T PICKED UP A BLACK SEA BASS YET
LOLA
WITH A POWERFUL SPEARGUN, MODESTY GLIDES ALONG THE EDGE OF A FOREST OF KELP
A GROUPER...
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MODESTY'S SPEAR TAKES THE GROUPER IN THE HEAD
ANOTHER DIVER...
THE SCUBA DIVER SWIMS CLOSER AND GESTURES FURIOUSLY
UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHER — AND I SPOILED HIS SHOT!
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MODESTY BREAKS SURFACE, AND SIGNALS THE BOATMAN...
FOUND SOMETHING FIRST DIVE, MISS BLAISE?
I GOT A GROUPER...
AND I GOT THE WRONG SIDE OF AN UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHER, HARRY... I THINK WE'LL HAVE COMPANY ANY MINUTE NOW

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THE SCUBA DIVER SURFACES

THERE HE IS!

MUST BE FROM THAT BEAT-UP OLD CABIN CRUISER

HEY! YOU!

HE SOUNDS REAL MAD—WOULD YOU LIKE US TO JUST MOSEY OFF, MISS BLAISE?

NO, GO ALONGSIDE, HARRY— IF I DON'T LET HIM BLOW HIS TOP AT ME HE'LL HAVE AN ATTACK OF THE BENDS!

617

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

ARE *YOU* THE DUMB DAME WITH THE MOBY DICK COMPLEX WHO FOULED UP MY MOVIE JUST NOW?

FORTY-FIVE MINUTES I'D BEEN WAITING DOWN THERE FOR THAT SHOT— AND THEN *YOU* HAD TO CRASH THE SCENE!

WOULD YOU GO BACK TO THAT BIT ABOUT THE DUMB DAME AGAIN? IT WAS VERY GOOD

HUH?

618

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

SORRY: SPOILED YOUR UNDERWATER MOVIE— OF COURSE, I COULDN'T KNOW THAT YOU WERE DOWN THERE

...SO IT WASN'T INTENTIONAL OR EVEN CARELESS— BUT DON'T LET THAT STOP YOU SHOUTING AT ME SOME MORE, IF IT HELPS

619

THE SCUBA DIVER STARES IN BAFFLEMENT AT MODESTY FOR LONG SECONDS, THEN SUDDENLY GRINS

STEVE TAYLOR, BAD-TEMPERED FREELANCE DIVER— HI

MODESTY BLAISE, GODDAM BRITISH TOURIST— WELCOME ABOARD

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

SORRY I BAWLED YOU OUT, MA'AM

IT'S MY TURN NOW, MR. TAYLOR —WHY WERE YOU DOING A STUPID THING LIKE DIVING ALONE? IT BREAKS RULE ONE IN THE BOOK

I KNOW... BUT I CAN'T RUN TO HIRED HELP, AND I'VE LANDED THIS JOB WITH THE SCRIPPS INSTITUTE FOR A SERIES OF SPECIAL PIX, SO...

IF YOU'D LIKE ME TO STAY AROUND, I'VE GOT NOTHING ON MY ENGAGEMENT BOOK

I DIDN'T KNOW THE MALE POPULATION OF SAN DIEGO WERE OUT OF THEIR MINDS ...BUT I'M GLAD TO HEAR IT

620

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
EACH DAY MODESTY GOES OUT ON STEVE TAYLOR'S CABIN CRUISER AND HELPS WITH HIS UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHY
ANYTHING WRONG, STEVE? YOU'VE BEEN A LITTLE BROODY SINCE YOU MADE YOUR DAILY PHONE-CALL THIS MORNING
OH, THOSE CALLS ARE JUST -ER...
...TO A GUY WHO HANDLES SOME OF MY WORK—
NO, DON'T TELL ME — YOU'RE A BAD LIAR AND I'M NOT INQUISITIVE ANYWAY... HOW MANY EGGS DO YOU WANT?
621

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IN THE SMALL CABIN CRUISER
LOOK, I'M LEAVING FOR LAS VEGAS TOMORROW FOR... WELL, A FEW DAYS, MAYBE A WEEK
THAT'S VERY SUDDEN
SO IS THIS CRAZY— I'M WONDERING IF BY ANY CRAZY CHANCE YOU'D LIKE TO COME WITH ME FOR A LITTLE HOLIDAY THERE... WILL YOU THINK ABOUT IT, MODESTY?
THE LAS VEGAS BIT IS NEW...
...BUT I'D ALREADY THOUGHT ABOUT THE MAIN QUESTION IN CASE IT AROSE— YES, I'LL COME WITH YOU, STEVE
622

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THE AIRPORT AT LAS VEGAS
I USED TO SPIN A ROULETTE WHEEL MYSELF A LONG TIME AGO— IT WAS A RIGGED WHEEL
EVER PLAYED THE TABLES BEFORE, MODESTY?
WELL... WE AGREED, NO QUESTIONS— BUT YOU MAKE ME WANT TO ASK A WHOLE HEAP OF THEM, HONEY
THIS WEEK SHOULD ANSWER THE ONES THAT MATTER— BETTER FASTEN YOUR SEAT-BELT
YOU MEAN FOR NOW OR LATER?

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
AFTER FOUR DAYS AT LAS VEGAS...
STEVE— WAKE UP
UHH...?
WHAT YOU GETTING DRESSED FOR, MODESTY?
WE'RE GOING TO DRIVE UP TO THE STRIP— FOR ROULETTE
LOOK, I'VE LOST MY LIMIT OF FIFTY DOLLARS FOR THE DAY— AND YOU MUST BE DOWN A COUPLE OF GRAND, DAMMIT!
SO LET'S GO AND GET IT BACK— COME ON, SLEEPY
625

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WHAT MADE YOU DECIDE, IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT, THAT WE CAN SUDDENLY GO PLAY THE TABLES AND WIN?
I'VE GONE HOT, STEVE...
I'VE GOT A HUNCH, WITH KNOBS ON — IT ONLY COMES ONCE IN YEARS, SO LET'S NOT WASTE IT
I COULD USE SOME LUCK MYSELF — IS THIS HUNCH CONTAGIOUS
LET'S MAKE CONTACT AND SEE — AND IF IT'S NOT YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO FOLLOW MY STAKES...

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

TWO IN THE MORNING — AND MODESTY IS MAKING A KILLING AT THE ROULETTE TABLE
EIGHTEEN WINS...
SAME SLOT THREE TIMES IN EIGHT SPINS — AND I'M A THOUSAND BUCKS UP! THAT EIGHTEEN'S A SWEET LITTLE NUMBER'
AND IT'S NOT QUITE FINISHED YET
STAY OUT FOR THIS SPIN, PUT THE MAXIMUM ON EIGHTEEN FOR THE NEXT — AND THEN WE QUIT
YOU KNOW... THIS IS THE FIRST HOLIDAY I EVER TOOK WITH A WITCH

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

MODESTY AND STEVE CASH THEIR WINNINGS
HOW THE BLAZES DID YOU KNOW THERE'D BE A RUN ON NUMBER EIGHTEEN?
JUST A GOLDEN HUNCH — IT CAN HAPPEN, STEVE, YOU GET A CERTAIN FEELING, AND YOU KNOW...
TALKING ABOUT THAT CERTAIN FEELING... LET'S GO BACK TO THE HOTEL AND — AND COUNT OUR MONEY OR SOMETHING, HUH?
AFTER YOU'VE BOUGHT ME A DRINK...
...THERE'S SOMETHING I WANT TO ASK YOU, STEVE

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THERE ARE TWO PEOPLE AT THE OTHER END OF THE BAR...
A MAN IN BERMUDA SHORTS AND A JOCKEY CAP, WITH A CHINA-DOLL GIRL IN TOW... DO YOU KNOW THEM, STEVE?
HE WAS TAKING A GOOD HARD LOOK AT YOU IN THE CASINO JUST NOW
WAS HE?

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
CAN WE GO ROLL SOME DICE AT THE CRAP TABLE NOW, POPPA?
SURE, MOMMA— ANYTHING YOU SAY
YEAH, I KNOW THEM, MODESTY— BUT ONLY FROM READING ABOUT THEM AND SEEING THEIR PIX IN THE PAPERS
I'M DARN SURE THEY DON'T KNOW ME, THOUGH
I THINK YOU'RE WRONG ...WHO ARE THEY, STEVE?
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WALTER DEE AND HIS WIFE, LUCY— HE'S A BIG PHILANTHROPIST, OWNS A LITTLE ISLAND CALLED "HAYMONY" OFF THE CALIFORNIAN COAST...
HE'S CONVERTED PART OF IT INTO A KIND OF ROBINSON CRUSOE HOLIDAY CAMP FOR DEPRIVED KIDS, ORPHANS AND SO ON— THE PAPERS CALL HIM "Uncle Happy"
WELL "Uncle Happy" WAS WATCHING YOU, STEVE
EVERY GUY IN LAS VEGAS IS NATURALLY WATCHING THE GUY WITH THE MOST BEAUTIFUL GIRL IN TOWN— THEY'RE GREEN WITH ENVY
OKAY... WE'LL LEAVE IT LIKE THAT
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MODESTY AND STEVE RETURN TO THE HOTEL IN THEIR HIRED CAR
I'LL PARK HER— YOU GO ON UP, HONEY
HEY, HAVE I TOLD YOU I'M CRAZY ABOUT YOU?
SEVERAL TIMES NOW, STEVE, AND THAT'S FINE— AS LONG AS YOU DON'T MEAN IT TOO MUCH
THE DAME'S GOING IN
OKAY... FOLLOW HIM INTO THE CAR PARK, WE'LL TAKE HIM THERE
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
STEVE'S HIDING A FEW THINGS FROM ME...
THERE'S SOME CONNECTION BETWEEN HIM AND THAT PHILANTHROPIST MAN, WALTER DEE
STILL... I'M HIDING ONE OR TWO THINGS MYSELF, SO I SUPPOSE WE BREAK EVEN
633

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

FROM THE WINDOW, MODESTY LOOKS DOWN UPON THE CAR PARK — AND SEES STEVE, HALF-CONSCIOUS, BEING BUNDLED INTO A CAR BY THREE MEN

WHITE CHRYSLER BARRACUDA —'65

634

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

CAN'T STOP TO GET A GUN UNPACKED...

...MIGHT BE TOO LATE TO SEE WHICH WAY THEY GO

AS THE THREE HOODS DRIVE OFF IN THE WHITE CHRYSLER, WITH STEVE TAYLOR A CAPTIVE...

HEADING FOR *The Strip*...

635

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

SEVERAL MILES OUT ALONG THE DESERT HIGHWAY, THE CHRYSLER TURNS OFF THE ROAD...

THEY'VE PICKED THE PLACE FOR IT...

STEVE GETS TAKEN FOR A RIDE ONLY AN HOUR AFTER "Uncle Happy" SETS EYES ON HIM IN LAS VEGAS... SO WHO'S IN WHAT RACKET? ONE OR BOTH?

A MILE INTO THE FLAT DESERT, THE CHRYSLER PULLS BEHIND AN OUTCROP OF ROCK AND HALTS

OKAY, WE'LL FINISH IT HERE — GET HIM OUT

637

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

STILL DAZED, STEVE IS FLUNG SPRAWLING ON THE GROUND...

KEEP STILL, MISTER — IT'LL BE QUICKER THAT WAY

YOU TAKE THE THIN ONE, STEVE

638

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

Modesty lands on the roof of the car and takes off again in the same instant...
MODESTY!
STEVE! MOVE. DAMN YOU!
STEVE TAYLOR'S FEET SMASH UP UNDER THE THIN MAN'S HEART
UHH!

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

Modesty heaves the unconscious man on top of her as a shield...
KEEP MOVING, STEVE!
MODESTY FIRES ONCE, AND A BULLET FROM THE WALTHER PPK SLAMS INTO THE GUNMAN'S SHOULDER

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

The short sharp battle is over...
WELL... THANKS FOR DROPPING IN ON THE PARTY
I LEFT THE CAR A HUNDRED YARDS BACK —WILL YOU HOLD THEM WHILE I DRIVE INTO TOWN AND GET THE POLICE?
NO POLICE, MODESTY. IT'S SIMPLER IF WE JUST WALK AWAY... HERE, YOU DROPPED THIS

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

After a silent drive back to the hotel
THOSE HOODS DIDN'T TAKE YOU FOR A RIDE JUST TO LIFT YOUR ROLL... ISN'T IT TIME YOU TOLD ME WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT, STEVE?
WHAT THE HELL ARE YOU ALL ABOUT, MODESTY? YOU JUST TOOK CARE OF THREE PROFESSIONAL GUNMEN LIKE IT WAS ALL IN THE DAY'S ROUTINE...
WHERE DID YOU LEARN THAT— AT A CHARM SCHOOL?
I DON'T MIND TELLING YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT TO ASK ABOUT ME— CAN YOU SAY THE SAME?

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

YOU'VE BEEN HOLDING OUT ON ME, AND I'VE ASKED NO QUESTIONS SO FAR, BUT NOW I WANT TO KNOW WHERE I STAND—ARE YOU IN THE RACKETS, STEVE?
YOU FIGHT LIKE A PROFESSIONAL AND SHOOT LIKE A MARKSMAN—ARE YOU IN THE RACKETS?
NO
NO? IT DOESN'T ADD UP THAT WAY TO ME
WHO THE HELL ARE YOU TO DO THE ADDING UP? I'M STILL WAITING FOR AN ANSWER TO MY QUESTION!
643

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

LOOK... I'M SORRY... THANKS FOR SAVING MY NECK TONIGHT, AND NOW CAN WE PLEASE GO TO SLEEP AND FORGET ABOUT ALL THE QUESTIONS?
NO... IT WOULDN'T BE ANY GOOD NOW, STEVE, WE'RE SUSPICIOUS OF ONE ANOTHER
SO?
644
SO IT'S BEEN A LOT OF FUN KNOWING YOU AND NOW WE'LL SAY GOODBYE... WILL YOU MOVE OUT OR SHALL I?

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

STEVE TAYLOR PACKS HIS BAG...

WELL... I'M SORRY IT DIDN'T LAST A LITTLE LONGER
SO AM I— BUT THE GOOD THINGS SELDOM DO
NO HARD FEELINGS?
WHY SHOULD I HAVE? YOU'RE ENTITLED TO YOUR SECRETS, STEVE, BUT THEY'VE GOT IN THE WAY NOW, SO THERE'S NOTHING MORE TO SAY EXCEPT... WATCH OUT FOR WALTER DEE
NEXT MORNING...
MR. TAYLOR'S LEFT THEN, MA'AM?
BUSINESS IN SAN DIEGO— BUT I'LL BE STAYING ON FOR A FEW DAYS. THEY SAY THERE'S GOOD WATER-SKIING ON LAKE MEAD
645

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

ON LAKE MEAD, NEAR LAS VEGAS, TWO DAYS AFTER STEVE TAYLOR HAS LEFT
CAN YOU TELL ME THE WAY TO LONDON BRIDGE PLEASE, MISS?
WILLIE!
'ALLO, PRINCESS— GLAD I MANAGED TO FIND YOU
646

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

MODESTY BLAISE

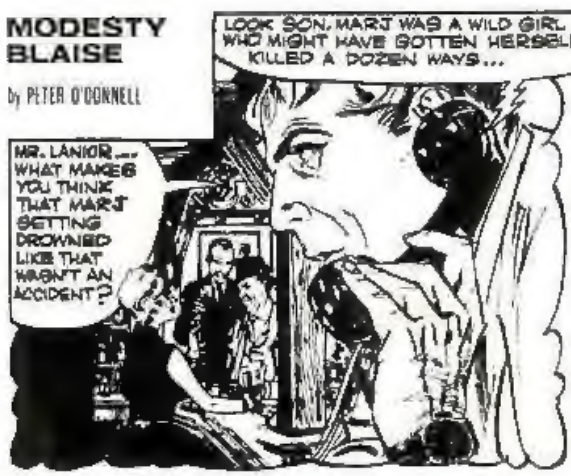
by PETER O'DONNELL

HOW DID YOU LEARN THAT MARJ LANIER WAS DEAD, WILLIE?
GOT A TRANSATLANTIC PHONE CALL FROM 'ER FATHER, THREE DAYS AGO AT "The Treadmill," PRINCESS

MR. GARVIN? I'M MARJORIE LANIER'S FATHER, AND FROM WHAT SHE SAID ABOUT YOU I FIGURE YOU MIGHT BE THE KIND OF MAN I NEED RIGHT NOW
649

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL


LOOK SON, MARJ WAS A WILD GIRL WHO MIGHT HAVE GOTTEN HERSELF KILLED A DOZEN WAYS...
MR. LANIER... WHAT MAKES YOU THINK THAT MARJ GETTING DROWNED LIKE THAT WASN'T AN ACCIDENT?

WILLIE CONTINUES HIS STORY
HE'D GOT NO OTHER REASON, JUST THAT 'E WOULDN'T BUY IT... SEEMS MARJ WAS STAYING WITH SOME FRIENDS SHE'D PICKED UP ON A PLACE CALLED "Harmony Island"— WALTER DEE AND 'IS WIFE
WALTER DEE?

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

A GIRL GOES SAILING IN A DINGHY AND NEVER COMES BACK, LATER THE DINGHY'S FOUND CAPSIZED! — HER OLD MAN SAYS IT'S IMPOSSIBLE AN' SHE MUST'VE BEEN KNOCKED OFF

THE POLICE WON'T LISTEN TO 'IM, AND YOU CAN 'ARDLY WONDER... I KNOW IT'S CRAZY, PRINCESS, BUT I SAID I'D COME OVER AND 'AVE A CLOSE LOOK AT THIS BLOKE WALTER DEE THAT MARJ WAS STAYING WITH...

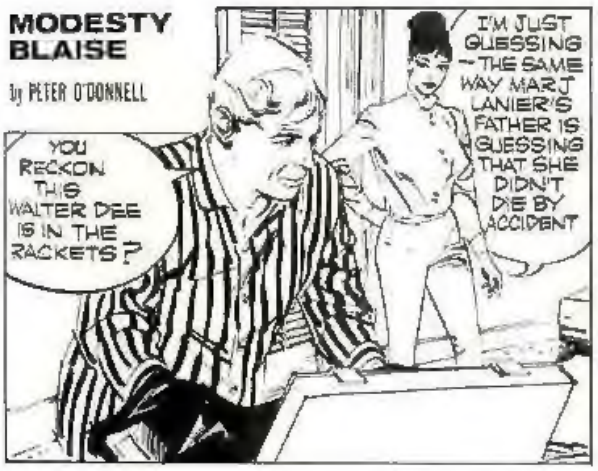
MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THEN SOME HOODS TRIED TO SIGN HIM OFF...I'VE A STRONG HUNCH THAT WALTER DEE ARRANGED IT, BUT STEVE WOULDN'T LEVEL WITH ME SO WE SAID GOODBYE
652

MODESTY BLAISE

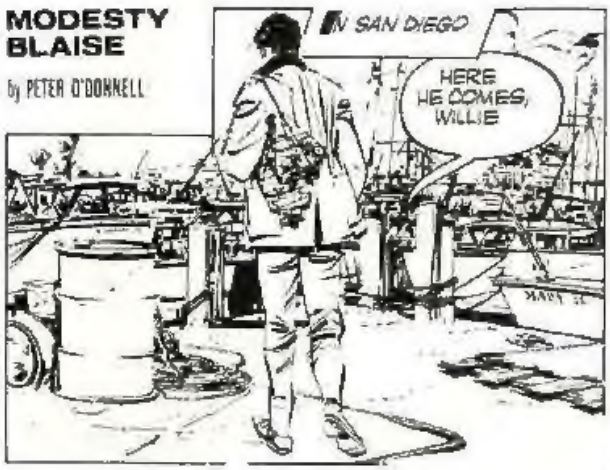
by PETER O'DONNELL


I'M JUST GUESSING — THE SAME WAY MARJ LANIER'S FATHER IS GUESSING THAT SHE DIDN'T DIE BY ACCIDENT
YOU RECKON THIS WALTER DEE IS IN THE RACKETS?

OFFICIALLY WALTER DEE IS A RICH PHILANTHROPIST, A BIG JOLLY UNCLE WHO'S MADE HALF OF HIS PRIVATE ISLAND INTO A PLAYLAND FOR POOR CHILDREN...

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
STEVE TAYLOR'S HAND DROPS AWAY FROM HIS GUN
MODESTY!
S'THAT GOOD? I'VE GOT QUESTIONS, STEVE AND YOU'RE NOT MUCH OF AN ANSWER MAN, AS I REMEMBER
THAT WAS BEFORE I GOT A FEW ANSWERS MYSELF — ABOUT MODESTY BLAISE
WILLIE GARVIN, I PRESUME? THEY TELL ME YOU TOOK EIGHT OF GABRIEL'S BEST MEN ON YOUR OWN
WELL NOW... ONLY THE F.B.I. OR CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE COULD GIVE YOU THAT KIND OF ANSWER MATEY
655
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
SORRY I HELD OUT ON YOU... BUT AFTER THAT ACTION-BIT IN VEGAS I HAD TO CHECK ON MODESTY BLAISE — AND MY FACE IS NOW TOMATO-RED
650
F.B.I. CAME THROUGH WITH FULL CLEARANCE THIS MORNING, CONFIRMED BY CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AND CANADIAN SECURITY — IT WAS PRACTICALLY A C'TAT'ON
BUT WE DIDN'T KNOW YOU BRITISH HAD ANY ANGLES ON WALTER DEE
WE'RE NOT WORKING FOR ANYBODY, STEVE — THIS IS PERSONAL... WE THINK DEE MAY HAVE KILLED A FRIEND OF WILLIE'S
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
LET'S TAKE A RUN OUT ROUND HARMONY ISLAND WHILE WE TALK — WALTER DEE AND HIS ENTOURAGE ARE THERE RIGHT NOW
STEVE HEARS OF MARJ LANIER'S DEATH
MMM... IT'S PRETTY HUNCHY, MODESTY — WHY WOULD WALTER DEE WANT HER KILLED?
I DON'T KNOW ENOUGH ABOUT HIM TO MAKE A GUESS YET
WHAT'VE YOUR F.B.I. BLOKES GOT ON 'IM, STEVE?
JUST THE SAME SORT OF HUNCHY SUSPICIONS WITH NOTHING TO BACK 'EM UP — AND I'VE BEEN WATCHING HIM FOR MONTHS!
667
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THE BUREAU HAVE GOT ABOUT A DOZEN F. MSY REASONS FOR WANTING TO KNOW A LOT MORE ABOUT WALTER DEE AND HIS BUSINESS ASSOCIATES — BUT THAT'S ALL THEY HAVE GOT
MY JOB'S TO KEEP TABS ON HIM, BUT I CAN'T TAKE ANY ACTION...
I'D LIKE TO GO ASHORE ON HARMONY ONE NIGHT, AND SNOOP AROUND THAT BIG RANCH-HOUSE HE'S BUILT THERE... BUT THE BUREAU WON'T SANCTION
IT'S ONLY TRESPASS AND WILLIE AND I DON'T NEED ANYBODY'S SANCTION
655

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

AS DUSK FALLS, THE LAUNCH SLOWLY CIRCLES Harmony Island, KEEPING A FULL MILE OFF-SHORE
THOSE LIGHTS ARE FROM DEE'S BIG RANCH-HOUSE ON THE NORTHERN POINT OF THE ISLAND ... THAT PART'S STRICTLY PRIVATE
THE PLAYLAND CAMP AREA FOR KIDS COVERS THE SOUTHERN HALF, BUT THAT'S CLOSED DOWN NOW WITH THE END OF SUMMER
TOMORROW NIGHT WILLIE?
SURE, PRINCESS— LET'S SEE IF WE CAN SPOT A GOOD PLACE TO GO ASHORE
659

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

HOW ABOUT THE BAY THERE, STEVE — COULD WILLIE AND I GET ASHORE IN A SMALL BOAT?
NOT ALIVE, HONEY... THAT'S TRENCH BAY A REAL KILLER
THERE'S A VICIOUS CURRENT SETTING OFF-SHORE. AND IF YOU GOT PAST THAT YOU'D BE RIGHT WHERE THE BREAKERS FUNNEL IN AND SMASH AGAINST THE CLIFF
YOU'VE BEEN DOING YOUR HOMEWORK — YOU PICK THE PLACE FOR US TO GO IN
THAT'S EASY... TS GETTING OUT THAT MIGHT COME HARD
660

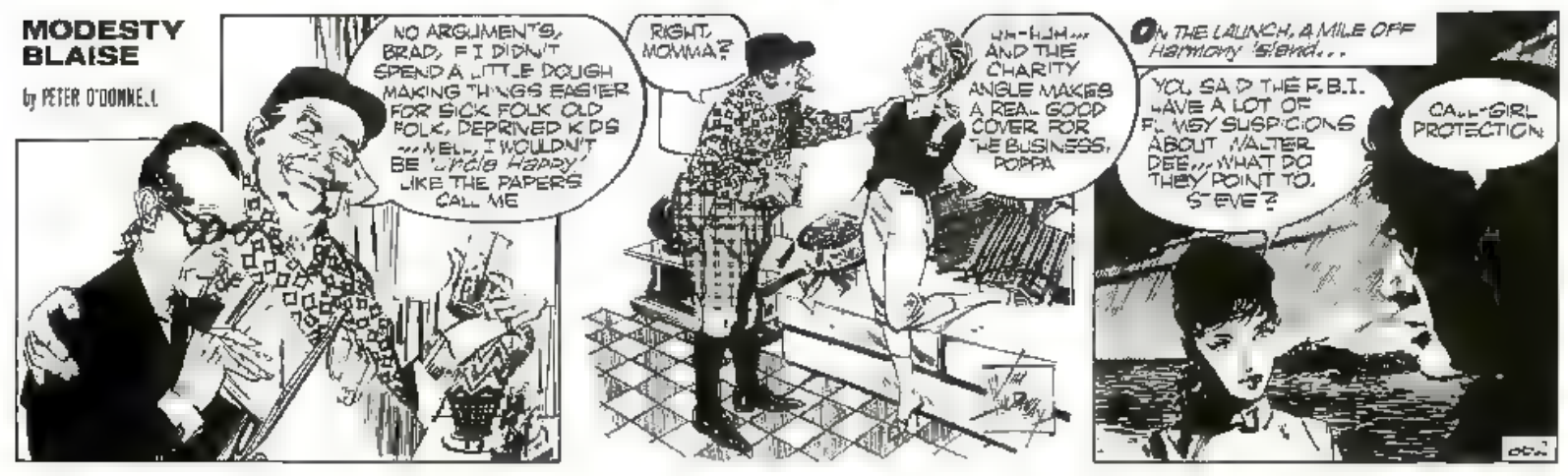
MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

IN WALTER DEE'S MAGNIFICENT RANCH-STYLE HOUSE ON Harmony Island...
OKAY BRAD, YOU GET THE TRUST DEED DRAWN UP READY FOR ME TO SIGN NEXT WEEK
IT'S A LOT OF DOUGH YOU'RE HANDING OUT, WALTER
I GUESS I CAN AFFORD IT... MATT HERE FIGURES THAT IF OUR LITTLE GIRLS WORK HARD THE BUSINESS WILL GROSS THIRTY PERCENT MORE THIS YEAR
66

MODESTY BLAISE

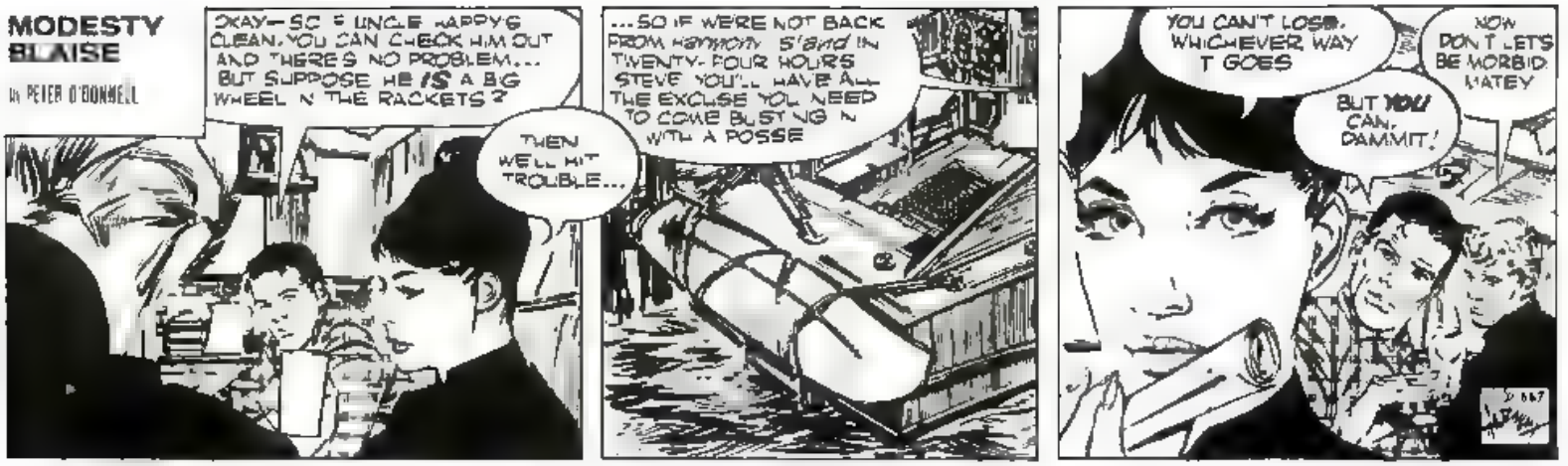
by PETER O'DONNELL


NO ARGUMENTS, BRAD, IF I DIDN'T SPEND A LITTLE DOUGH MAKING THINGS EASIER FOR SICK FOLK, OLD FOLK, DEPRIVED KIDS ... WELL, I WOULDN'T BE 'Uncle Happy' LIKE THE PAPERS CALL ME
RIGHT, MOMMA?
UH-HUH... AND THE CHARITY ANGLE MAKES A REAL GOOD COVER FOR THE BUSINESS, POPPA
ON THE LAUNCH, A MILE OFF Harmony Island...
YOU SAID THE F.B.I. HAVE A LOT OF FLIMSY SUSPICIONS ABOUT WALTER DEE... WHAT DO THEY POINT TO, STEVE?
CALL-GIRL PROTECTION
661

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
NOW...WHAT'S THE FIGURE ON PROTECTION RACKET CUTS THIS MONTH, DEAC?
ONLY TWO GIRLS, WALTER — THAT'S LESS THAN POINT-ONE PERCENT
I MARKED 'EM HERE IN THE REGISTER ...LET'S SEE — SARATOGA ...SCRANTON ... SEATTLE — YEAH, IN SEATTLE — FORZI COLLECTS FOR YOU THERE
COLPLA HIGH-EARNING GIRLS — THEY PAID OKAY FOR TWO YEARS, BUT WHEN FORZI CALLED LAST TIME THEY TOLD HIM TO BLOW
HMMM... I DON'T LIKE MY GIRLS TO ACT THAT WAY
663
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
I FIX UP MY GIRLS WITH NICE APARTMENTS AND THEN THEY SQUAWK AT PAYING FIFTY PER CENT
ONLY TWO THIS MONTH WALTER — THAT'S LESS THAN ONE IN A THOUSAND
YEAH, THERE'S COMFORT IN THAT, DEAC — BUT THEY'VE GOTTA HAVE CORRECTIVE TREATMENT, THOSE TWO
HAVE 'EM FETCHED HERE, POPPA — PLEASE?
WE-E-ELL... IF YOU'RE A GOOD GIRL, MOMMA MAYBE I'LL DO JUST THAT
I GOT LOTS OF REAL CUTE IDEAS HOW TO MAKE 'EM DO LIKE YOU SAY
664
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MESSAGE FROM GUNTON JUST CAME IN, WALTER — ABOUT MODESTY BLAISE
WHO'S SHE, POPPA?
SHE'S THE GIRLIE WHO MADE HASH OUT OF OUR BOYS IN LAS VEGAS, WHEN THEY TRIED TO TAKE STEVE TAYLOR FOR A RIDE, MOMMA — THOUGHT WE OUGHT TO FIND OUT A LITTLE ABOUT HER
665
WELL NOW THIS IS QUITE A LOT...
YEAH, PLENTY
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
EVENING, ON STEVE TAYLOR'S LAUNCH
YOU DROP US OFF A MILE FROM HARMONY ISLAND, STEVE, AND WE PADDLE ASHORE IN THE CANOE
WE'LL CUT STRAIGHT THROUGH THIS ROBINSON CRUSOE PART OF THE PLAYLAND AREA, THEN CARRY ON UP THE HILL TILL WE COME TO THE FENCE BORDERING WALTER DEE'S PLACE
666
YOU THINK HE'S GOING TO SIT TIGHT WHILE YOU BREAK IN AND CHECK THROUGH HIS SAFE?
IF HE'S WHAT HE PRETENDS TO BE, YES STEVE — HE WON'T EVEN KNOW WE'VE BEEN THERE

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL


OKAY—SO UNCLE HAPPY'S CLEAN. YOU CAN CHECK HIM OUT AND THERE'S NO PROBLEM... BUT SUPPOSE HE IS A BIG WHEEL IN THE RACKETS?
THEN WE'LL HIT TROUBLE...
...SO IF WE'RE NOT BACK FROM HARMONY ISLAND IN TWENTY-FOUR HOURS STEVE YOU'LL HAVE ALL THE EXCUSE YOU NEED TO COME BUSTING IN WITH A POSSE
YOU CAN'T LOSE. WHICHEVER WAY IT GOES
NOW DON'T LET'S BE MORBID MATEY
BUT YOU CAN, DAMMIT!

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

IN THE EARLY HOURS, MODESTY AND WILLIE PADDLE ASHORE ON HARMONY ISLAND...
SORRY STEVE WAS A BIT SHORT WITH YOU WILLIE LOVE—HE DIDN'T LIKE BEING LEFT BEHIND
IT'S NATURAL FOR A KEEN LAD... "THE YOUNG LIONS ROAR AFTER THEIR PREY"—PSALM UNDRED AND FOUR
IN THE GREAT RANCH-STYLE HOUSE, WALTER DEE GETS A RADIO-TELEPHONE CALL FROM THE MAINLAND
THE THREE OF THEM IN THE LAUNCH? AND THEY HAD A CANOE ON DECK? YEAH THANKS FOR LETTING ME KNOW, MARTY

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WE'LL TAKE FIVE AND LOOK AROUND HERE WILLIE
RIGHT...
MODESTY AND WILLIE MOVE THROUGH THE LOG HUTS AND BARBECUES OF THE PLAYLAND AREA
IF WE HAVE TO HOLD OUT ANYWHERE, THIS IS THE GROUND—IT'S WORTH A RECCE
STORE
ARE YOU GOING TO SIT PLAYING SOLITAIRE ALL NIGHT, POPPA?
JUST WAITING UP FOR SOME FOLKS PAYING US A SURPRISE VISIT, MOMMA—YOU GO TO SLEEP

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

CHECK IT, WILLIE
AT THE FENCE WHICH MARKS OFF UNCLE HAPPY'S "PRIVATE" SECTION OF THE ISLAND
A FAINT GLOW COMES FROM THE NEONIC TESTER WILLIE PUTS ON THE WIRE
IT'S LIVE, PRINCESS—I'LL RIG A LOOP TO HOLD THE CIRCUIT, THEN CUT THROUGH
SO UNCLE HAPPY GOES IN FOR ELECTRIFIED FENCES...
SOUNDS LIKE THE FUN-LOVING SORT

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MODESTY AND WILLIE MOVE THROUGH THE ELECTRIFIED FENCE
HOUSE... STABLES... OUTBUILDINGS... WE'LL MAKE A QUICK CIRCUIT SO YOU CAN PICK THE BEST WAY IN, WILLIE
LET'S TAKE THIS A BIT SLOW, PRINCESS... MY EARS ARE PRICKLING
671
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MODESTY AND WILLIE MOVE WARILY ALONG THE WALL OF AN OUTBUILDING
WE'RE IN TROUBLE, PRINCESS, I CAN SMELL IT... YOU WANT US TO FIGHT NOW OR SWEAT IT OUT?
STAND STILL! WE GOT SIX GUNS READY TO BLAST YOU!
672
THAT'S YOUR ANSWER, WILLIE... WE SWEAT IT OUT
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
TAKE 'EM INSIDE AND FRISK 'EM GOOD
FIVE MINUTES LATER...
NOTHING ELSE, BOSS
OKAY, THEY CAN HAVE THE CLOTHES BACK
TAKE 'EM BELOW, LOCK 'EM UP— AND SEE THERE'S A MAN OUTSIDE THE DOOR EVERY MINUTE
673
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IN A SMALL BARE ROOM, WINDOWLESS AND WITH A STEEL DOOR...
WE GOT A REAL PROFESSIONAL MOB ERE PRINCESS
VERY EFFICIENT... PASS MY SHIRT PLEASE, WILLIE
WHAT'S THE MOVE?
NOTHING YET— NOT TILL WE'VE SEEN UNCLE HOPPY
MIGHT AS WELL KIP DOWN, I S'POSE— 'ERE'S A BIT OF A PILLOW FOR YOU, PRINCESS
THANKS, WILLIE...
YES— CAN'T TALK: ROOM MIGHT BE BUGGED
674

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

MORNING, IN THE BIG HOUSE ON Harmony Island...
HALLO, MOMMA— HOW YOU FEELING THIS FINE MORNING?
THE BOYS ARE BRINGING 'EM UP RIGHT NOW FOR BREAKFAST
KIND OF EXCITED POPPA, LIKE SOMETHING REAL NICE WAS GOING TO HAPPEN— DID THOSE PEOPLE COME LAST NIGHT?
SURE...

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

COME ON IN AND SIT DOWN, FOLKS— I'M WALTER DEE AND THIS IS MY SWEET LI'L WIFE, LUCY
MOMMA, THE GIRLIE HERE IS MODESTY BLAISE AND THE BIG FELLER'S CALLED WILLIE GARVIN
THEY'RE VERY INTERESTING PEOPLE MOMMA, I THINK YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE THEM
I DO, POPPA I LIKE THEM FINE...

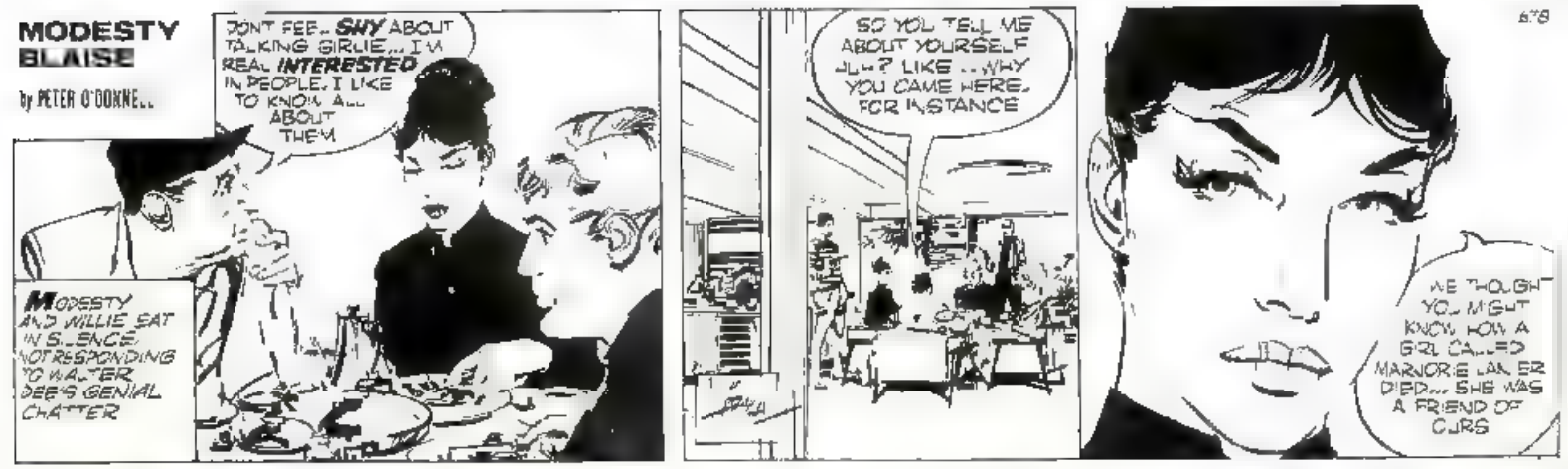
MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

HELP YOURSELVES FOLKS, AND EAT HEARTY— I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF YOU'VE GOT A HARD DAY AHEAD
POPPA, YOU'RE GOING TO LET ME HAVE A LITTLE FUN— I CAN SEE THAT OLD TWINKLE IN YOUR EYE!
HE'S DANGEROUS AS HELL... AND THE WOMAN'S VICIOUS... WE'LL NEVER STALL FOR THE TWELVE HOURS TILL STEVE COMES IN WITH A POSSE...

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL


DON'T FEEL SHY ABOUT TALKING GIRLIE... I'M REAL INTERESTED IN PEOPLE. I LIKE TO KNOW ALL ABOUT THEM
MODESTY AND WILLIE EAT IN SILENCE, NOT RESPONDING TO WALTER DEE'S GENIAL CHATTER
SO YOU TELL ME ABOUT YOURSELF HUH? LIKE ... WHY YOU CAME HERE, FOR INSTANCE
ME THOUGHT YOU MIGHT KNOW HOW A GIRL CALLED MARJORIE LANDER DIED... SHE WAS A FRIEND OF OURS

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

I DON'T WANT TO HEAR ABOUT MARY LANIER ...I WAS REAL SORE AT YOU OVER HER, POPPA— YOU DIDN'T LET ME HAVE EVEN A TEENY BIT OF FUN
AW NOW MOMMA...
THAT GIRLIE WASN'T UNFRIENDLY. SHE JUST HAPPENED TO STUMBLE ON A FEW BUSINESS SECRETS—SO I GOT EDDIE HERE TO RUB HER OUT QUICK AND EASY
EDDIE, EH? 'ALLO EDDIE... GLAD TO KNOW YOU
679

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

I WAS REAL SORRY WE HAD TO KILL THAT LANIER GIRLIE... BUT IT COULD HAVE BEEN A LOT WORSE FOR HER
YOU GOT ANY IDEAS FOR THESE TWO YET, MOMMA?
AW, DON'T RUSH ME, POPPA THERE'S A GOOD BOY
YOU'D BETTER WORRY ABOUT YOURSELF POPPA ...WHATEVER HAPPENS NOW, YOUR 'Uncle Happy' COVER IS BLOWN WIDE OPEN
680

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

IF WILLIE AND I DON'T SHOW UP IN SAN DIEGO BY TONIGHT, YOU'LL HAVE THE F.B.I. HERE — IN STRENGTH
I DON'T THINK SO, GIRLIE...
I'VE HAD STEVE TAYLOR PICKED UP IN PLENTY OF TIME... HE COULDN'T ALERT THE F.B.I. UNTIL AFTER YOU TWO FAILED TO SHOW— COULD YOU, SON?
A MOMENT'S SILENCE, AND THEN —
HALLO STEVE
CUP OF COFFEE?
68

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

SO GARVIN GOES FOR THE KNIVES, AND SHE CARRIES A GUN?
UH-HUH... COLT THIRTY-TWO A TOY GUN EDDIE SAYS
NOW YOU TAKE YOUR TIME FIGURING WHAT YOU'D LIKE TO DO WITH THESE FOLKS, MOMMA —THERE'S NO RUSH
WELL... I KNOW SOMETHING THAT'D BE REAL CUTE TO START OFF WITH, POPPA!
682

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
SORRY MODESTY... THEY JUST CAME AND TOOK ME OFF THE LAUNCH, A COUPLE OF HOURS BEFORE DAWN.
THE PRINCESS ISN'T SIGNALLING ANY PLAY YET... WAITING FOR A BREAK... WANTS TO SEE WHAT THAT DOLL-FACED B*T COMES UP WITH...
WILLIE AND I HAVEN'T EXACTLY SHONE SO FAR, EITHER
LISTEN SOMEONE GET MICKY SADDLED UP FOR ME. WE'RE ALL GOING UP TO TRENCH BAY AND HAVE SOME REAL FUN!
683
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
ON THE CLIFFS ABOVE TRENCH BAY...
STEVE TAYLOR WHISPERS WITHOUT MOVING HIS LIPS
You two dive? I can give you the timing so we hit water below 65 a roller comes in
We're not pros— and the mob'd pick us up by boat in ten minutes
Steve tries it... We'll try our number-four play, Willie — UNLESS THE DEE WOMAN OFFERS A BETTER BREAK!
684
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
LISTEN, EVERYONE! I SAW A MOVIE ONCE WHERE TWO GUYS FOUGHT IT OUT BARE HANDED ON TOP OF A CLIFF LIKE THIS.
SO THAT'S WHAT WE'LL DO, HUH? HER TWO BOYFRIENDS HAVE SOTTER FIGHT TILL ONE OF THEM'S DEAD SEE?
HOW D'YOU RECKON TO MAKE 'EM FIGHT, MOMMA?
WELL, IF THEY DON'T, THEN EDDIE TAKES HIS LITTLE OL GUN AND SHOOTS HER RIGHT THROUGH THE MIDDLE!
685
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
AS WILLIE GARVIN AND STEVE TAYLOR STRIP FOR A DEATH-FIGHT...
STEVE!
HEY! NOW WE KNOW WHICH ONE SUE'S ROOTING FOR, ANYWAY!
Get to Willie! tell him—
Willie doesn't need to be told. Just give him the timing when you're ready —and you fight real, leave the faking to him!
686

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
A SEEMINGLY VICIOUS DEATH-BRAWL BETWEEN WILLIE GARVIN AND STEVE TAYLOR...
UHH!
MY GOD, HE CAN RIDE ANYTHING!
GEE! LOOK AT 'EM GO, POPPA!
AH, I ALWAYS SEE YOU GET YOUR FUN WHEN YOU'VE SEEN A GOOD GIRL, MOMMA
687
Nice faking, Willie— you can throw me a bit, I know how to fall!
Okey, but just a couple— you'll need all your breath, matey!
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THE SAVAGE FIGHT GOES ON...
WOW! THAT'S BETTER, GARVIN!
C'MON! MAKE WITH THE BOOT!
AHH... HE'S TOO SLOW, MOMMA — LOOKS LIKE THE F.B.I. FELLER'S GOT THE EDGE
I DON'T SEE WILLIE RIDE THAT ONE MYSELF... THE MOB'S SWALLOWED IT WHOLE... TIME FOR STEVE TO GO NOW
688
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
TAYLOR'S GOT HIM! THIS IS IT—!
STEVE TAYLOR WATCHES THE INCOMING ROLLERS, TIMING THEM..
Now, Willie!
Right
WHEEEE! LOOK AT THAT!
AAAH!
689
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
STEVE TAYLOR PLUMMETS DOWN...
GET THE GLASSES AND TAKE A LOOK EDDIE— JUST IN CASE HE HIT A ROLLER COMING IN
'E DIDN'T...
SORRY, PRINCESS— IT WAS HIM OR ME
FORGET IT... MAYBE HE'S THE LUCKY ONE
690

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THE LIMP BODY OF STEVE TAYLOR IS SUCKED SWIFTLY OUT BY THE SWIRLING CURRENT OF TRENCH BAY

HE HASN'T MOVED... BEEN FACE-DOWN FOR FIVE MINUTES NOW

YOU'VE STILL GOT TWO LEFT TO PLAY WITH, MOMMA

THAT'S DEAD ENOUGH

GEE THEY CAN **WAIT!** YOU SAID I DIDN'T HAVE TO **RUSH** ANYTHING, POPPA

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

You think Steve made it, Willie?

Hit the water just right... but could 'e play dead an' stay face down for five minutes?

Yes... he's pro standard at skin-diving... but there's still a six-mile swim to the mainland

C'MON, FOLKS, BACK TO THE HOUSE — MOMMA'S GOING TO THINK OF SOMETHING FOR **YOU** THIS AFTERNOON!

692

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

IN THE BIG RANCH-STYLE HOUSE

I WANNA THINK UP SOMETHING **CUTE** FOR THAT BLAISE GIRL...

... SAY, WHAT'S ALL THAT SHOOTIN' GOING ON OUT THERE, POPPA?

IT'S JUST EDDIE AT HIS DAILY PRACTICE MOMMA — HE LIKES TO STAY SHARP

693

HEY! NOW THAT'S AN IDEA! **SHE** WAS CARRYING A GUN, POPPA, WASN'T SHE?

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

HEY, EDDIE! HOW'D YOU LIKE TO SHOOT IT OUT WITH THAT BLAISE DAME, JUST FOR KICKS? POPPA SAYS OKAY SO LONG AS **YOU'RE** NOT WORRIED.

ME? IF I HAD HER COLT POP-GUN AND SHE HAD MY MAGNUM, I **STILL** WOULDN'T BE WORRIED. MRS. DEE... IT'S JUST A BIG LAUGH

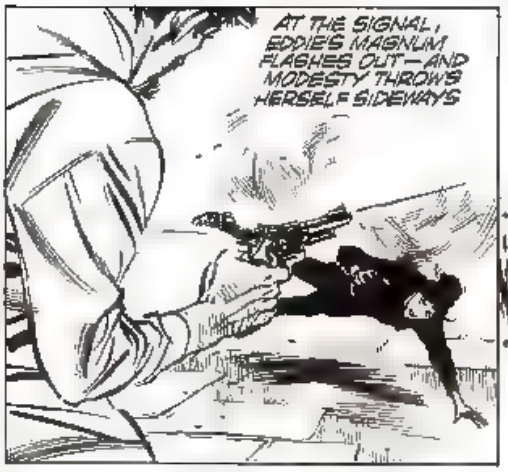
AH, THERE YOU ARE, GIRLIE... HERE, BUCKLE YOUR BELT ON

694

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
YOU AND EDDIE ARE GOING TO HAVE A LITTLE SHOOTING MATCH — IT'S MOMMA'S IDEA...
FOLD YOUR ARMS, GIRLIE
HERE, YOU GET JUST ONE SHOT — THAT'S IN CASE YOU FEEL KIND OF TEMPTED TO BLAZE OFF AT ANYONE BUT EDDIE
YOU PLAY IT STRAIGHT, GIRLIE, OR YOU GET BLASTED, HUH?
695
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
I DON'T LIKE IT THE DAME'S ONLY GOT ONE ROUND IN THAT POP-GUN, MR. DEE.
HELL, YOU KNOW I'M THE BEST GUN ON THE WHOLE WEST COAST, BOSS — I GOT A REPUTATION. I DON'T NEED THAT KIND OF EDGE OVER HER.
NOW ARE YOU REAL SURE ABOUT THIS EDDIE?
THIS ISN'T A MATCH, EDDIE. IT'S JUST A LITTLE FUN FOR MOMMA... BLAISE HAS GOT ONE SHOT IN HER COLT AND THAT'S THE WAY IT STAYS
696
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
He'll be fast, Princess — fast as you, maybe
Yes... but he's using a heavier gun Willie — that Magnum's a real stopper... makes you lazy on accuracy
And I don't intend to stand still for him
Yeah, that's the way, Princess — you got in a good few hundred hours practice shooting on the fair at 6 angles...
FACE 'EM UP AT TEN PACES, POPPA, AND IF SHE DRAWS BEFORE I GIVE THE SIGNAL, THEN JOE CUTS HER DOWN WITH THE SHOT-GUN — OKAY?
697
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MODESTY AND THE GUNMAN FACE EACH OTHER...
GET YOUR HANDS UP TO SHOULDER HEIGHT, GIRLIE
THAT'S ANOTHER EDGE FOR YOUR BLOKE, DRAWING FROM A SHOULDER-RIG — YOU WOULDN'T LIKE TO BLINDFOLD 'ER, TOO?
LEAVE IT, WILLIE
SHE'S COOKED ANYWAY, SON, AND SO ARE YOU — SO WHY FRET ABOUT DETAILS?
698

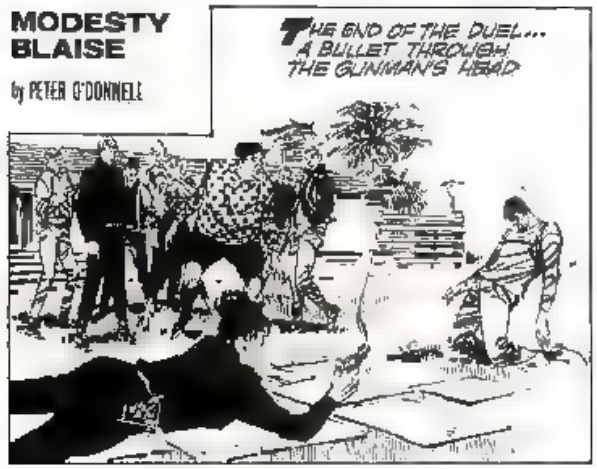
MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



JOE... LOCK BLAISE AND GARVIN UP AGAIN. I'LL SEE TO THEM *MYSELF* LATER... AFTER I'VE HAD A LITTLE TALK WITH MOMMA HERE
PLEASE, POPPA, I— I DIDN'T *MEAN* IT TO COME OUT THIS WAY!
700

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

BUT *YOU* SAID SHE DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE AGAINST EDDIE, POPPA! AND *EDDIE* SAID SO, TOO.
NOW LET'S NOT ARGUE, MOMMA... IT WAS *YOUR* CUTE LITTLE BIT OF FUN, AND IT COST ME MY BEST MAN

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

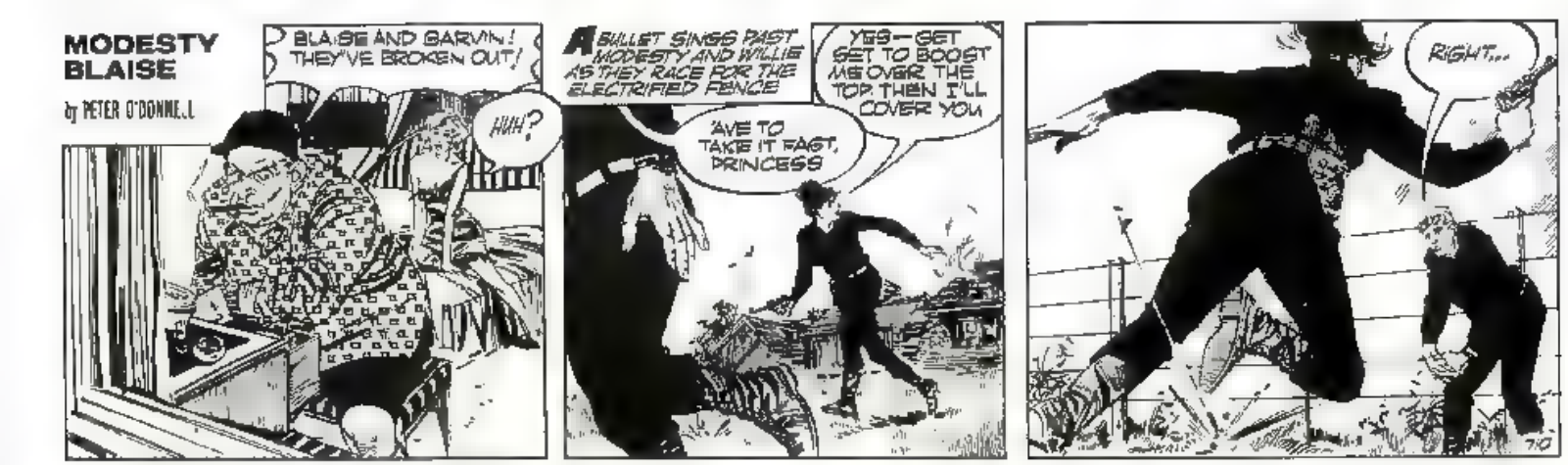
THEN SHE GETS *YOU* TO PLAY WITH— AND SHE'LL PLAY AS PRETTY AS A WOUNDED HELL-CAT GONE NUTS
AH WE'VE ALL GOT OUR FUNNY LITTLE WAYS MATEY
702

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
KINKY PAIR, THAT WALTER DEE AND L... LUCY... ONE MINUTE 'E PLAYS SANTA CLAUS, NEXT 'E TAKES A CROP TO 'ER
IN THE STABLE-DOORED ROOM
MAYBE SHE LIKES IT... WILL E. THERE'S A SPECK OF SOMETHING IN MY EYE, CAN YOU SEE IT?
MODESTY SPEAKS IN A WHISPER, IN CASE THE ROOM IS BUGGED
Time to move — while the Dee's are busy and some of the hoods are getting rid of Eddie's body
RIGHT, PRINCESS — I GOT IT
THANKS THAT FEELS A LOT BETTER
703
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MODESTY PRISES OUT THE LITTLE KONGO HIDDEN IN HER CHIGNON...
AND UNSCREWS THE TWO TINY PLUGS WHICH SEAL A HOLE DRILLED RIGHT THROUGH THE SHAFT...
OUTSIDE, THE GUARD HEARS A SOFT, REGULAR TAPPING FROM WITHIN THE ROOM
704
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THE PEEP-HOLE OPENS...
WHAT'S THE TAPPING —?
A PARALYSING DART BLOWN FROM THE KONGO, STRIKES HOME IN THE GUARD'S CHEEK...
705
He's out, Willie — get busy on the door
NO LOCK... HEFTY COACH-BOLT ON THE OUTSIDE — AD A GOOD LOOK WHEN WE CAME IN
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
FROM WITHIN HIS BELT, WILLIE GARVIN DRAWS OUT A LENGTH OF STRONG GALVANISED WIRE...
SHOULD BE JUST ABOUT RIGHT...
706
LONG MOMENTS SEEKING THE BOLT-HEAD WITH THE WIRE LOOP... THEN SLOWLY THE BOLT IS COAXED OUT OF ITS SOCKET

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
We'll try it the quiet way, Willie... You go first and I'll only back you with the gun if I have to
TWO MINUTES LATER...
WE'LL 'AVE THE TOOLS... FEEL A BIT MORE COMFY THEN
707

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
HOLD IT!
SURE... WE DON'T WANT ANY MORE SHOOTIN', DO WE?
UHH!
HE WAS SLOW..
YEH... THEY'VE 'AD IT TOO EASY TOO LONG
AT WILLIE'S LOADED WORDS, MODESTY HOLDS HER FIRE, AND—
708

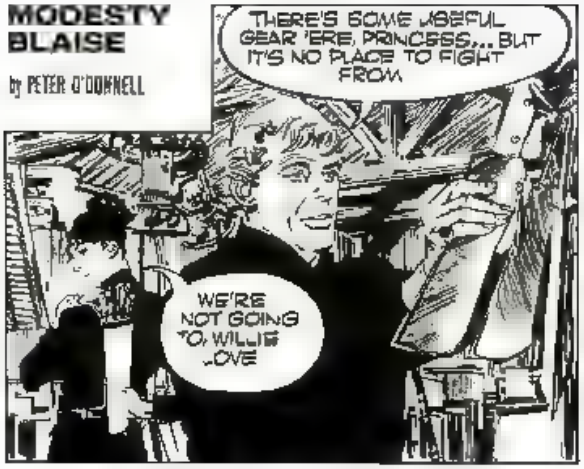
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
MODESTY AND WILLIE MOVE WARILY THROUGH THE OUTBUILDINGS...
OPEN GROUND BETWEEN HERE AND THAT ELECTRIFIED FENCE— WE COULD BE SPOTTED FROM ONE OF THE WINDOWS, WILLIE
DUCK SOON PRINCESS... WORTH WAITING FOR?
THEY'LL BE ON TO US BEFORE THEN —AND WE CAN FIND BETTER GROUND THAN THIS TO FIGHT ON
IN WALTER DEE'S BEDROOM...
YOU'RE... (SNIFF)... YOU'RE REAL CRUEL, POPPA— IT WASN'T MY FAULT ABOUT BLAISE KILLING EDDIE
W-E-LL... MAYBE I WAS A LITTLE HARD... BUT I'LL MAKE IT UP TO YOU, MOMMA
709


MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
BLAISE AND GARVIN! THEY'VE BROKEN OUT!
HUH?
A BULLET SINGS PAST MODESTY AND WILLIE AS THEY RACE FOR THE ELECTRIFIED FENCE
'AVE TO TAKE IT FAST, PRINCESS
YES— GET SET TO BOOST ME OVER THE TOP. THEN I'LL COVER YOU
RIGHT...
710

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
ANOTHER SHOT AS WILLIE BOOSTS MODESTY OVER THE ELECTRIFIED FENCE
CRAWL UNDER, WILLIE— I'LL KEEP THEIR HEADS DOWN
THEY'RE SHOOTING BACK!
WHAT THE HELL YOU EXPECT? GO TELL THE BOYS TO WAIT FOR ORDERS! THEY GOTTA FIGHT SMART OR SHE'LL PICK 'EM OFF PIECEMEAL!
POPPA'S NOT SHOWING NOW...
NOT LIKELY— I'VE SEEN YOUR FORM WITH A GUN / BUT WE'LL 'AVE THE LOT SHOWING SOON
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WHICH WAY DO WE PLAY IT, PRINCESS— SEE IF THEY PICKED UP OUR CANOE? TRY AN' PINCH A BOAT? OR—?
THEIR LAUNCH COULD CATCH US IN FIVE MINUTES WILLIE...
WE'LL GAMBLE ON STEVE TAYLOR MAKING THAT BIG SWIM TO THE MAINLAND AND BRINGING BACK A POSSE
THE 'ROBINSON CRUSOE' PLAYGROUND AREA
IN THE BIG HOUSE...
WE GOT THE LAUNCH C'RCLING THE ISLAND NOW, SO WE CAN TAKE THIS SLOW AND EASY... NICCO, YOU GO FETCH DELPHINE
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
IN THE ROOM WHERE MODESTY AND WILLIE WERE HELD
C'MON DELPHINE HONEY— GET THAT SCENT
OKAY MR. DEE— SHE'S PRIMED
IN ONE OF THE PLAYGROUND STORE-HUTS...
DR NOEGG— LOOK WHAT WE GOT 'ERE
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WHAT'S T', WILLIE?
BOWS... MOSTLY SMALL ONES FOR THE KIDS BUT THERE'S A PLASTIC ONE 'ERE WITH A GOOD DRAW — 'BOUT THIRTY POUNDS
MODESTY STRINGS THE BOW
ARROWS?
HOLD ON... YES
BEYOND THE WOODS, UNCLE HAPPY AND HIS MEN SET OUT TO K'LL... LED BY THE MASTIFF, DELPHINE...
C'MON, GIRL— SEEK 'EM!

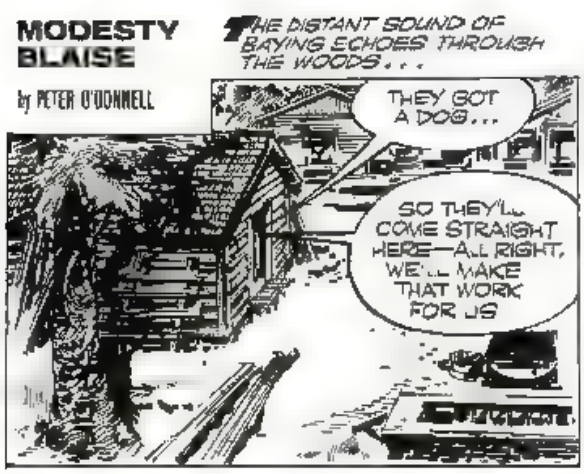
MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



MODESTY BLAISE

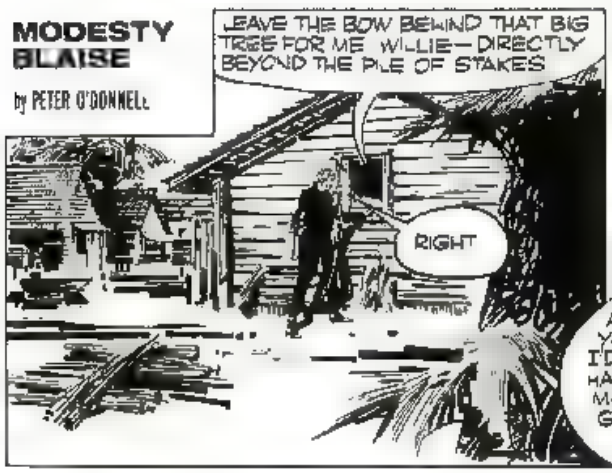
by PETER O'DONNELL


THE DISTANT SOUND OF BAYING ECHOES THROUGH THE WOODS...
THEY GOT A DOG...
SO THEY'LL COME STRAIGHT HERE—ALL RIGHT, WE'LL MAKE THAT WORK FOR US

WE SPLIT UP AND FIGHT MOBILE?
YES AFTER I'VE CONNED THEM INTO THINKING WE'RE HOLED UP IN THIS CABIN— THERE'S SOME USEFUL GEAR YOU CAN TAKE WITH YOU, TOO
7/6

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL



CITY SLICKERS... IN THICK WOODS AND WITH DUSK NOT FAR OFF... I RECKON THE ODDS ARE ABOUT LEVEL NOW
AND WATCH YOURSELF... I'D SAY UNCLE HAPPY CAN MUSTER A GOOD TWENTY MEN

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THAT'S N'COO'S WORRY! SOMEONE TAKE THE DOG BACK —WE GOT 'EM PINNED DOWN N'OW
SHOT CAME FROM THAT STORE CAB'N, MR. DEE! AND N'COO'S DEAD, I GUESS!
MODESTY IS ALREADY OUT OF THE BACK WINDOW AND RUNNING FOR THE TREES
I WANT A CLOSE RING ROUND THAT CABIN N'TEN MINUTES —THERE'S PLENTY OF COVER IF YOU KEEP LOW. BE ALL SET TO MOVE IN FAST WHEN YOU HEAR ME ON THE LOUD-HA'ER!
19
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
UNCLE HAPPY'S MEN MOVE WARILY INTO POSITION ROUND THE CABIN — BUT MODESTY IS ALREADY OUTSIDE THE CORDON . . .
AND NOW THE EARL'S JUNGLE-COMBAT EXPERT PROWLS SOUNDLESSLY THROUGH THE FLANKING WOODS
YA WAIT FOR THE WORD FROM OL' MAN DEE ON THE LOUD-HA'ER — THEN SPRAY THAT WINDOW WITH YA CHOPPER
CHECK
20
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THE SOFT THRUM OF A BOW-STRING AS MODESTY LOOSES . . .
YA CRAZY DOPE! I TOLD YA WAIT FOR THE SIGNAL!
A SECOND ARROW STRIKES HOME . . .
UHH!
THEY'RE BEHIND US!
21
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
THERE COMES A HEAVY BURST OF FIRE FROM BEHIND THE CABIN
SOUNDS LIKE BLAISE AND GARVIN TRIED THE BACK WAY OUT
THEY WERE DEAD WHATEVER WAY THEY TRIED LET'S START MOVING N' JAKE
JAKE!
ONE FIVE REN'N TWENTY-EIGHT FEET, THROWN WITHOUT BIAS . . JUST ABOUT WHAT I RECKONED
22

MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
HI, POPPA! HEARD ALL THE SHOOTING— DIDN'T SOUND LIKE BLAISE AN' GARVIN ARE GONNA BE IN ANY SHAPE FOR POOR LITTLE ME TO HAVE FUN WITH!
GET BACK! THERE'S SOMETHING SCREWY GOING...
BOSS...(GASP)... MILO SEN ME... HE SAY TO PULL THE BOYS OUT QUICK!
THAT— THAT'S AN ARROW!
723
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
YOU SAW THEM?
BLAISE AN GARVIN — THEY NOT IN CABIN! THEY OUT IN WOODS SOMEWHERE ...EVERYWHERE!
NOBODY DON'T SEE THEM... JUST SEE MEN SHOT WITH ARROW... SHOT WITH GUN... I SEE JAKE PINNED TO TREE WITH MACHETE—!
GIMME THAT LOUD-HAILER!
WHAT YOU GONNA DO?
WE'RE GETTING BEAT BECAUSE BLAISE AND GARVIN HAVE GOT A FEW ACRES OF WOODS TO PLAY IN... SO WE'RE GONNA CHANGE THAT!
724
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
PULL OUTA THE WOODS YOU MEN!
MAKE IT FAST!
SO HE'S GOING TO TRY IT SOME OTHER WAY, OR IS HE?
HE LOOKS LIKE A BOY... HE COULD BE BLUFFING
725
MODESTY BLAISE
by PETER O'DONNELL
WIND'S STEADY BEHIND US AND IT'S BEEN A DRY SUMMER — THAT STRETCH OF WOODS'LL BURN LIKE TINDER
AND ONCE WE DRIVE BLAISE AND GARVIN OUT IN THE OPEN, THEY'RE DEAD! IF THEY TRY TO SWIM, THE LAUNCH PICKS 'EM UP
FIRE'S GOING TO BE SEEN ON THE MAINLAND WALTER — IT MEANS PEOPLE AND QUESTIONS!
FIRE DON'T ANSWER QUESTIONS, BRAD— CAN WE -ELP IF THE WOODS CATCH AND A FEW FOLK END UP AS CINDERS?
726

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

FLAME SWEEPS THROUGH THE WOODED AREA OF HARMONY ISLAND
SWING ACROSS EAST — MAKE FOR THE BROKEN GROUND ON DOGLEG POINT
WILLIE! HERE!
A SHRILL, FAMILIAR WHISTLE
'ALLO, PRINCESS — I RECKONED YOU'D BE 'EADING FOR THE DOGLEG
YOU'RE A GOOD RECKONER, WILLIE LOVE — COME ON
727

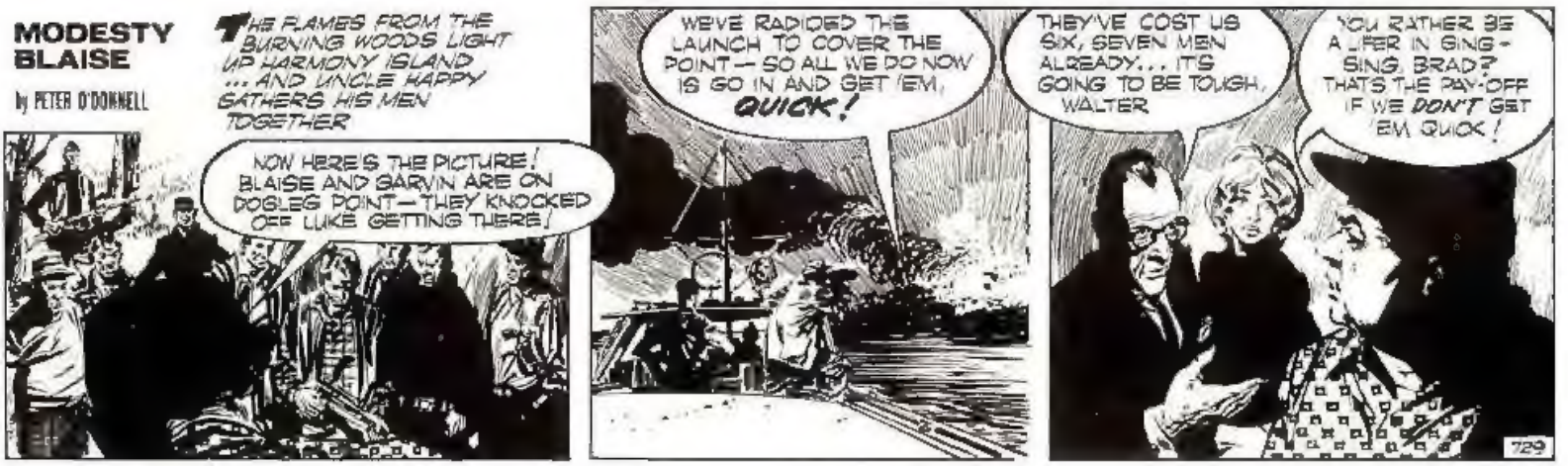
MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

PRETTY 'OT BACK THERE!
IT'LL BE HOT WHEREVER WE ARE, ONCE UNCLE HAPPY'S BOYS SIGHT US — THEY'LL BE STRUNG OUT AND WATCHING
I BROUGHT ALONG A FEW SHOOTERS I PICKED UP, PRINCESS —
THAT'S 'EM!
A BULLET SEARS THE SHOULDER OF WILLIE'S JACKET, AND THEN —
NO — BUT THEY'LL SOON BE ALONG NOW!
SEE ANY OTHERS?
728

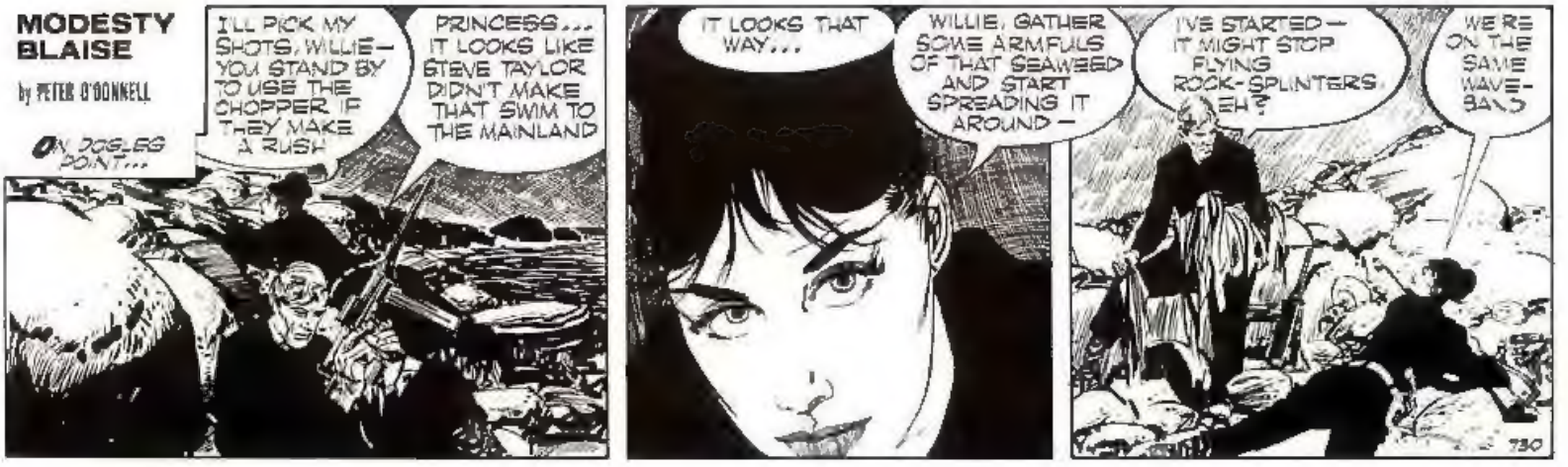
MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL


THE FLAMES FROM THE BURNING WOODS LIGHT UP HARMONY ISLAND ... AND UNCLE HAPPY GATHERS HIS MEN TOGETHER
NOW HERE'S THE PICTURE! BLAISE AND GARVIN ARE ON DOGLEG POINT — THEY KNOCKED OFF LUKE GETTING THERE!
WE'VE RADIOED THE LAUNCH TO COVER THE POINT — SO ALL WE DO NOW IS GO IN AND GET 'EM, QUICK!
THEY'VE COST US SIX, SEVEN MEN ALREADY... IT'S GOING TO BE TOUGH, WALTER
YOU RATHER BE A LIFER IN GING-SING, BRAD? THAT'S THE PAY-OFF IF WE DON'T GET 'EM QUICK!
729

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL


ON DOGLEG POINT...
I'LL PICK MY SHOTS, WILLIE — YOU STAND BY TO USE THE CHOPPER IF THEY MAKE A RUSH
PRINCESS... IT LOOKS LIKE STEVE TAYLOR DIDN'T MAKE THAT SWIM TO THE MAINLAND
IT LOOKS THAT WAY...
WILLIE, GATHER SOME ARMFULS OF THAT SEAWEED AND START SPREADING IT AROUND —
I'VE STARTED — IT MIGHT STOP FLYING ROCK-SPLINTERS, EH?
WE'RE ON THE SAME WAVE-BAND
730

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WILLIE SPREADS A THICK LAYER OF SEAWEED OVER THE SURROUNDING ROCKS, TO BLANKET ANY FLYING SPLINTERS . . .

GET DOWN, WILLIE — THEY'RE HERE

I JUST SAW ONE OF 'EM. DUCK DOWN, MISTER DEE!

HOW THE HELL DO WE GET TO THEM? THERE'S NO COVER!

THERE WILL BE — MOMMA'S FETCHING THE JEEP

731

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

THE JEEP WITH SIX MEN ABOARD AND A SCREEN OF HEAVY TIMBERS LASHED IN FRONT, MOVES SLOWLY FORWARD

LET'S SEE IF BLAISE PUTS A BULLET THROUGH *THAT!*

CAN YOU DROP-SHOT THEM, WILLIE?

THREE TIMES OUT OF FOUR, PRINCESS — I SPENT HOURS IN THE LEGION, LOBBING PRACTICE GRENADES INTO A BARREL

Y'KNOW, AT THE SIEGE OF SYRACUSE OLD ARCHIMEDES BUILT WOODEN ENGINES TO THROW THE THICK END OF *A TON...*

I'LL SETTLE FOR FOUR-POUNDER ROCKS, WILLIE — AND *NOW!*

733

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

A HEAVY ROCK THUDS DOWN AMONG THE ATTACKERS

AGAIN, WILLIE — SHORTER

'OW'S THAT?

THE HIGH DROPPING SHOT JUST CLEARS THE TIMBER SCREEN — AND HITS THE DRIVER

BLACKIE'S HIT! HE'S LOST CONTROL!

UHH!

734

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

AS THE DRIVER SLUMPS, THE JEEP SWINGS ROUND

HOLD IT, WILLIE — MY TURN

MODESTY'S AUTOMATIC RIFLE SPEAKS...

SAVE THE CHOPPER FOR A RUSH

RIGHT — BUT IT DON'T LOOK LIKE THEY'RE GOING TO RUSH THIS WAY, PRINCESS

735

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

ABOARD ONE OF TWO BIG POLICE LAUNCHES CLOSING ON HARMONY ISLAND...

THERE'S A HELL OF A BIG FIRE — AND SOME KIND OF SHOOT-UP GOING ON NEAR DOG-LEG POINT!

HUH?

NOW TAKE IT EASY, STEVE — DAMMIT, I SHOULD HAVE ***ORDERED*** YOU INTO HOSPITAL!

LOOK — I'M OKAY! SET ME A GUN AND LET ME UP ON DECK, JOHNNY — ***PLEASE!***

ON DOG-LEG POINT...

THEY'RE CRACKING...

AND WE'VE GOT COMPANY, PRINCESS — IT LOOKS LIKE STEVE TAYLOR MADE THAT BIG SWIM AFTER ALL!

736

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

DEE'S LAUNCH IS TAKEN WITHOUT A FIGHT

THEY'RE COMING IN MARINE-STYLE, PRINCESS — GETTING THEIR FEET WET

IS STEVE THERE?

MODESTY!

737

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

IT'S THE ***POLICE***, POPPA! THEY'RE ***HERE!*** WHAT WE GONNA ***DO?***

WELL... WE'RE NOT GOING TO WAIT FOR THEM, MOMMA... IT'S CURTAINS

A SINGLE SHOT... THEN ANOTHER

THEY STILL SHOOTING, PRINCESS?

YES... BUT NOT THIS WAY

738

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

'ALLO, STEVE — GOT A SMOKE?

UH? SURE! WHERE'S MODESTY?

SHE'S AROUND SOMEWHERE... THE ACTIONS THAT WAY, WHAT'S LEFT OF IT

LET'S GO!

THIRTY SECONDS LATER...

OKAY, PRINCESS... THEY'VE GONE

739

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

MODESTY WEEPS

I—I'LL BE ALL RIGHT IN A MINUTE... IT'S JUST... SEEMED A LONG DAY

AND A TOUGH ONE... DOES YOU GOOD TO LET YOUR AIR DOWN WHEN IT'S ALL OVER, PRINCESS

SORRY IT'S ALWAYS YOUR SHOULDER THAT GETS CRIED ON, WILLIE LOVE

I'M NOT... IT'S MY PRIVILEGE

MODESTY?

ALL RIGHT... YOU'D BETTER GIVE HIM A SHOUT, WILLIE— I'M FINE NOW

740

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

IN OTTAWA, WILLIE GARVIN TELLS MARJORIE LANIER'S FATHER THE STORY OF HARMONY ISLAND

SO WALTER DEE RAN THE BIGGEST EVER CALL-GIRL RACKET... AND HE *DID* HAVE MARJ KILLED...

YES—SHE STUMBLED ON 'IS LITTLE SECRET

THE F.B.I. ARE STILL BUSY ROUNDING UP ALL THE CONTACTS

WILL DEE AND THAT VICIOUS WIFE OF HIS GO TO THE CHAIR?

I 'AVEN'T TOLD YOU THAT BIT YET— BUT WHEN THE JIG WAS UP, POPPA SHOT MOMMA... AND THEN POPPA SHOT POPPA

741

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

WHERE CAN I MEET MODESTY BLAISE? I'VE GOT TO THANK HER, WILLIE

YOU COULD CATCH 'ER IN NEW YORK...

SHE'LL BE FLYING 'OME FROM THERE AT THE END OF THE WEEK . . .

... AFTER SHE'S FINISHED A LITTLE 'OLIDAY WE INTERRUPTED

742

MODESTY BLAISE

by PETER O'DONNELL

ON COUNTDOWN TO THE MOMENT WHEN YOU FLY OFF OUT OF MY LIFE, MISS BLAISE, WE HAVE THREE DAYS, FIFTEEN HOURS AND FOUR MINUTES LEFT

DO WE? I CAN NEVER WORK OUT SUBTRACTION SUMS, DARLING

OKAY... IT'S ONE HOUR AND THREE MINUTES TO DUSK, AND I HAVE AN EXCITING NIGHT PLANNED FOR US

THAT'S DIFFERENT... LET'S MAKE A MOVE

I CAN ADD THINGS UP ALL RIGHT, MR. TAYLOR!

743